

twitchy ears

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](#) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/28882338>.

| | |
|------------------|--|
| Rating: | Explicit |
| Archive Warning: | No Archive Warnings Apply |
| Category: | M/M |
| Fandom: | Video Blogging RPF |
| Relationship: | Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) |
| Character: | Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF), GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) |
| Additional Tags: | Oral Sex, Blow Jobs, Hybrids, Praise Kink, Hand Jobs, dog hybrid dream |
| Language: | English |
| Stats: | Published: 2021-01-20 Words: 15752 |

twitchy ears

by [souhiyori](#)

Summary

George has been messing around with code all day, leaving Dream bored and alone. He manages to get himself into a situation odd enough to grab George's attention.

(or: dream gets dog ears and a tail due to an error in george's code. they have some fun with it.)

Notes

... oh my god he's dogwater??

for world context, minecraft is still a video game they play w similar mechanics, but its like a simulation where theyre in the game,,, it makes enough sense for it to work believe me

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

“So you’re not gonna tell me what you changed?”

Dream sits on a yellow bed inside a house, watching George as he leaves and comes back in a few times, checking the chest.

“No, it’s not done yet.” George huffs. He peers out the window, looking at the village around them, before leaving the house again.

“Stop leaving me alone!” Dream calls, loud even though George is just standing outside of the door.

George doesn’t look at him. “It won’t be done for a while, just go do something else.”

“I’ve already searched this whole village. I’m *bored*.”

George had told him he was hopping in to test some things he’d been working on, and Dream had hurriedly gotten on too. He’d expected there would be something new, something crazy and weird for him to see, but everything seemed normal. George had just been walking around a village for ages, crafting stuff, reading books, and sighing.

Dream slips off of the bed, following behind George as he walks towards the center of the village.

“If you’re bored then go bug Sapnap.”

“He’s playing chess.”

“I don’t care.”

Dream whines loudly, kicking up some of the dirt on the path. “You’re so mean, what are you even doing that’s taking this long?”

“Old code I never finished.” George replies distantly as he looks through a crafting recipe book. “Trying to remember everything I did. And there’s stuff I’m trying to add, but it’s not working.

“Do you need help?”

George says nothing. Dream gets closer, looking over to peer down at the page he's reading, but George turns, walking away.

"*George!*"

"You're so annoying! If you're not gonna log off, then go somewhere else." He looks over his shoulder at Dream, narrowing his eyes at him. "*Don't* touch anything though. I messed around with a lot of random stuff." His voice gets firm, and Dream frowns.

"Why," Dream can feel that he's being annoying, but can't bring himself to stop. He looks around at the world around them. "Nothing even seems different. My health and hunger bars are the same, everything looks normal."

George snaps his book shut loudly, turning around to look at him. Dream flinches under George's irritated glare.

"Seriously, Dream, stop it. I'm trying to do something, and you're just getting in the way." George's tone is unexpectedly forceful. They look at each other for a moment, Dream's mouth dropping open a little in surprise. George sighs, softening his gaze and voice. "Just- give me twenty minutes, okay? Go do something else for twenty minutes, so I can focus for a bit."

Dream nods, still a little taken aback. He feels kind of bad for pissing George off. He knows he easily gets stressed when things don't go right, so he's not surprised that his pestering set George off. He watches as George walks away again, fiddling with his book and checking his inventory as he goes.

Looking around him, Dream sighs. There's not much surrounding the village; a long stretch of field to the north and a forest to the south. Nothing interesting. He decides to walk in the direction of the forest.

As he wanders through the trees, he thinks of everything and nothing all at once. It's pretty out, he'll admit, the late afternoon sun shining through green leaves, leaving shadowy patterns on the grass. The further in he goes, he notices more flowers, until he finds himself in the middle of a small clearing in the trees, a beautiful little flower patch between a circle of oak trees.

He flops to the ground, sitting cross-legged on the grass, and takes in the sight. It really is pretty,

he thinks, twisting his body around to look all around himself. There's flowers of all different colours, more than he's ever seen in one place before, and he distantly thinks that this would be a cool place to have a picnic.

He reaches to his left and plucks a handful of daisies and cornflowers, placing them in his lap. The flowers remind him of summers with his siblings when he was little, how they'd play soccer together and have barbecues and lay in the grass under the sun. His older sister had taught him how to make daisy chains, and it was something he'd never forgotten.

He presses his thumbnail into the stem of a cornflower, and threads the stem of a daisy through it. Any time he was around flowers like this, which admittedly wasn't much anymore, he always had the urge to make daisy chains. It was calming, in a way, something to pass the time.

It gets to about the length of his arm, alternating between white and blue, before Dream gets distracted by a noise. He turns his head to look for the source, and behind him, past a few trees, he sees a wolf. A young wolf, he notes, which is a little odd, because there doesn't seem to be any adult wolves around. He stands up, chain laying forgotten on the ground, and he slowly walks toward it, so as not to startle it.

It's so small, so cute, and he wishes he had bones or something so he could tame it. He looks around; he has nothing better to do while he waits, so he might as well try.

He reaches to the nearest tree, breaking off some wood to make an axe, before pausing. George had said not to touch anything. He looks at the tree, at the wood in his hands, and to the flowers he's left on the ground. Nothing felt different, nothing had changed... he shrugs, and makes a crappy makeshift axe.

He watches as the wolf walks further into the forest, and he follows behind it quietly. They don't get far before they come upon a small cave, and he mentally cheers as he peers inside. Stepping in, he ventures into the darkness. *There's got to be a skeleton around here.*

It doesn't take him long to find one, and for that he feels lucky, and he quickly slays it. He grabs the bones and rushes back outside. He's happy to see the little wolf hadn't wandered far, and he creeps closer to it.

Once he's a few feet away, he whistles, catching the the wolf's attention. He bends down, trying to look as non threatening as possible and holds out the bones. To his delight, the wolf comes over easily and takes the bone from him, its tail wagging happily.

Dream laughs, reaching out and petting his new friend softly on the head. It leans into his touch, and his heart warms. He tries to think of a name for it, but comes up blank; he's never been much good at naming things. He gets out another bone, and leads the wolf back toward the flower clearing.

Maybe being left alone isn't so bad after all, he thinks, as he sits back down where he left his chain, the wolf coming to sit next to him. He gives it the bone, before picking up his daisy chain.

The wolf nudges closer to him, poking its nose at his arm until he lifts it up. He chuckles as it flops its head down into his lap, closing its eyes. He pets over the soft fur of its head for a moment, then returns to making his chain.

He gets lost in the rhythm of it, the repetition, and before he knows it, he's got a chain that's probably about 3/4 as tall as he is. He's snapped out of his daze when he notices the sun is slowly starting to set, shadows of the trees having moved from when he'd sat down. He considers staying, finishing his chain until it really is his height, but remembers that George had said he'd be done in 20 minutes. It's definitely been longer than 20 minutes.

With a sigh, he gets up. He leaves his daisy chain on the ground, laid out in a spiral on the grass, and he nudges the wolf.

"You coming?" He asks it, as if it can understand. It seems to understand well enough, because it gets up, and the two of them trail back through the forest.

Once they approach the village, Dream stops. He looks around at the houses. Maybe George knows if there's a name tag somewhere he can grab and give his friend a name? He gets it to sit by the bell, not far from where an iron golem walks around. He pets it one last time, before turning around and looking for George.

Walking back through the village, George is nowhere to be found. Everything is weirdly quiet. Dream spots a couple of furnaces and a crafting bench placed outside of the house they'd been in earlier, and peeps inside. He's not there, so he keeps walking.

"George?" He calls, but gets no response.

He's not in the blacksmith either, or in any of the other little houses he checks, and Dream starts to panic a little. As soon as he feels the anxiety in his stomach, he's confused; there's no reason to be worried. It's just the two of them in this world, they're safe, but for some reason, Dream feels like he *needs* to find George.

"George? George!" he yells, louder this time.

"In here!" Dream's head whips around, trying to figure out which building George's voice came from.

"Where's 'here'?"

"Library,"

Dream makes his way to the library which sits on the other side of the path. The door is open, and inside he sees the walls of bookshelves. On the far end is some tables and benches with cushions on them, and at the far left is a lectern, at which George is standing. He's placed an enchantment table and an anvil next to him.

"Are you done?" From where he's leant against the doorway, Dream can see that he is very much not done, if the way he's bent over his book is any evidence.

"Not yet, just figuring something out."

Dream groans. "But it's been way longer than twenty minutes."

George doesn't look at him, just continues what he's doing in silence. Dream groans again, pushing himself away from the doorway to the back of the library.

The bookshelves reach the ceiling, and are stacked full of books of all different sizes. Dream scans their spines. Some of the titles are English, but others are in languages he can't read. A lot, he notices, seem to be in what he recognises to be what is seen in the enchantment table. He's always thought it looked pretty, wanted to learn it properly, but has never had the motivation to try.

He reaches out to touch the gold lettering along the spine of a cookbook. The letters are raised and smooth to the touch, the texture a stark difference to the rough red canvas of the books cover. He pulls it out of the shelf, flicking through it idly.

What is George even doing? He wants to ask, but holds his tongue for now as he doesn't want to make him mad again. He looks over to where George is still standing by the lectern and sighs. He's so *bored*. He wants George's attention, but the brunet looks thoroughly invested in what he's doing.

Despite how unfair he feels like this is, Dream really admires how hard George works. He's a talented coder, always thinking up and making new things for them to try, and even though Dream knows his way around some code himself, he enjoys listening to George explain things to him.

Dream puts the cookbook back on the shelf. He brings his hand up to rub at his nose, shifting his weight between his feet. Usually he can be pretty patient, but right now he's feeling antsy. He looks back over.

“George?”

He doesn't turn around, just lifts his hand up and bats it in a dismissive motion. “I'm doing something.”

Normally he's able to find ways to keep himself entertained, however Dream can't stop the feeling inside of him of just wanting to bug George. He huffs, and walks quietly over to where George is stood. Once he's right behind him, he lifts his hands up slowly, before quickly and firmly grabbing George's shoulders.

George yelps and grabs the lectern in front of him, startled. Dream laughs loudly.

“*Dream!* Oh my god, you scared the hell out of me!” George places a hand to his chest, glancing over his shoulder at Dream for a second before turning back to his book. “My heart feels like it's gonna fall out.”

Dream continues giggling, still holding onto George's shoulders and peering over them. The book he's reading is in the enchantment table language, and Dream's eyes widen.

“You can read that?”

“No,” George flicks to the next page. “I’m just trying to see the names of some things so I can compare it to something else.”

“Why?” Dream’s hands slide from George’s shoulders down to circle around his waist. He props his chin on his right shoulder.

George tilts his head slightly to the left, seemingly to get away from where Dream’s hair touches his face. “None of your business.”

“*Geooorge,*” Dream whines, and presses his face into George’s neck. “Pay attention to me, I’m so bored.”

George flinches a little at the contact, ticklish, shoulders attempting to come up to shield his neck but instead the action just pushes Dream closer.

“Get off, Dream, I’m trying to focus!” George tries to scold, but Dream can hear the smile in his voice. He just nuzzles closer in response, hair brushing across George’s cheek and tickling him.

He laughs, and when George laughs too, Dream feels satisfaction swell in his chest knowing he’s distracted him. He presses a gentle kiss to George’s neck before returning to nuzzling, and smiles as George places his left hand over his own where they rest on his stomach.

“I’ll be done in a minute, okay?” George’s voice is noticeably softer, gentler than earlier. Dream mentally punches the air in celebration, and he wonders for a second *why* he’s so excited to hang out with George when they already spend so much time together, but the thought leaves him when he feels George’s thumb rub over his knuckles.

“Hurry up.” His words are muffled where he’s speaking against George’s skin, but he guesses he’s still heard since George gives a quiet chuckle.

George’s right hand comes up, and Dream practically melts as George runs his fingers through his hair. He hums, pleased, as George scratches gently over his scalp. When his fingers graze a particular spot, Dream lets out an embarrassing whine, arms tightening around his waist a little. George pauses his movements, and Dream whines again at the loss. He tries to rub his head against

George's hand to get him to continue, but he just pulls it away.

"Why? That felt nice," Dream sulks.

He feels George try to turn his head, unable to properly move with how Dream is buried in his neck, so he lifts his head up. George turns in Dream's grip so they're face to face, and his eyes widen as his hand comes back up to Dream's head. His other hand moves to rest on his shoulder for support as he reaches.

"What?" Dream's eyes follow George's hand as it slowly raises up, then flicks back to watch George's face.

"What... is that..." George's voice is quiet, eyes full of bewilderment. Dream goes to ask what he means, but George's fingers touch him and he can't stop a full body shiver. George's fingers run over that spot again and Dream hums, closing his eyes involuntarily and lifting his chin a little to try and keep George's hand there.

George lets out a laugh, awe clear in the sound.

"Holy shit. What did you *do*?"

"Hmm?" Dream's hardly listening, too focused on how George's hand feels in his hair. When George pulls away again, he opens his eyes and gives an annoyed look. "Hey, why do you keep stopping?"

George just looks at him, disbelief written on his face. "Do you know what you look like right now?"

"What?"

George laughs again. "Dream," He goes to continue, but his laughter just gets louder. "*Dream, oh my god,*"

Dream frowns. "What! What did I do?" George doesn't stop laughing, and Dream furrows his

brows. “Stop laughing!”

“You’ve,” George tries to regain himself, breathing in heavily. “You’ve got, like, dog ears or something!”

Dream’s eyes widen. “Huh?” He removes one of his arms from around George’s waist, hand coming up to pat at his own head. He feels something out of place, something that feels way more like fur than his hair. “What the hell...”

He looks around the room, wanting to find a mirror or something to see himself. He lets go of George completely and jogs to the window. The sun is setting, the outside being just dark enough for him to make himself out in the glass. Sure enough, sat atop his head are two, fluffy dog ears the same colour as his hair. They’re fairly small, folded in the middle and flopping down over themselves.

He lifts his hand up to touch one again, and snorts a disbelieving laugh when it twitches. “What the hell!” he repeats, then whips his head back round when he hears George giggling behind him.

“Stop laughing!”

George’s face is red, and he’s got his hands up covering his mouth as he wheezes. He shakes his head. “You’ve got a tail too, oh my-” he cuts himself off with his own laughter.

“You’re *kidding*-” Dream tries to look behind himself, and ends up spinning in a circle, trying to find it. He reaches behind himself and grabs it, pulling it to the side and looking at the fluffy tail attached to him. When he looks back at George again, he’s doubled over, looking about ready to collapse.

“Come on, George,” As hilarious as Dream admits this is, he really wants George to explain how the fuck this happened.

“Sorry, sorry-” George gasps through little giggles, standing back up straight and trying to gather himself. “You just- the way you spun around then, you literally were like a dog chasing its tail.”

Dream smiles. Okay, that probably did look pretty funny, he bets.

“Wanna explain why I have these?” He brings both hands up to fiddle with the ears. They’re really soft, he thinks, as he runs his fingers over them.

“Like I’d know!”

“What?! You’re the one making changes around here!”

“Okay, okay,” George pauses for a moment, thinking. “What’d you do when you went off alone?”

“Uh,” Dream shrugs. “Not much? There’s a forest. I just kinda did nothing, honestly.” He stops, realizing, before he smiles sheepishly. “I, uh, tamed a dog. It’s by the bell in the village.”

George just stares at him, face blank, for what seems like ages. Dream bites his lip, trying not to laugh at the absurdity of it all. Lifting a hand up to his temple, George breathes in deeply through his nose.

“I told you not to touch anything...” George breathes out, and Dream can’t tell if he’s holding back from yelling at Dream or if he’s holding back more laughter.

“How was I supposed to know that touching a dog would make this hap- *why* did you even make that a thing in the first place?! What the hell?!” Dream speaks, tone defensive. “What are you even *doing*?!”

It’s George’s turn to get defensive. “Right now I’m trying out custom enchantments.” He glances over to where his book is still on the lectern, then back to Dream. He keeps looking between Dream’s eyes and the ears on his head. “That must be something old I didn’t finish when I started this... I remember I was playing around with mob related stuff...”

Dream tilts his head a little to the side, questioning. “You were playing around with mobs... and, what, made it so if you touched it, you get its physical traits or something?”

He watches as George just stares at him, his mouth dropping open slightly before slowly stretching into a grin. His tongue pokes out to wet his bottom lip, and he lets out a little laugh. Dream’s head tilts further in confusion, furrowing his brows a little as George stutters out another laugh.

“What’s so funny?”

“You-” George shakes his head, seemingly unable to stop smiling. “That was just really... *adorable.*” Dream notices him going a little red. “You tilted your head like a confused puppy. You look like a confused puppy.”

Dream straightens his head, a little embarrassed. “I don’t.” He smiles, though, under George’s uncharacteristically fond gaze. “You think I’m adorable?”

“Shut up,” George clearly tries to neutralise his expression, but fails as the corners of his mouth quirk up still. “You’re so stupid for- oh my god your *tail is wagging...*”

Dream whips his head to peer over his own shoulder. He laughs, bright and loud when he sees that his tail is in fact swishing happily side to side. “No way, that’s awesome!” He looks back to George, who is stepping closer. “So, what, I act like a dog too? I don’t feel like a dog.”

George leans to the side, trying to peer around Dream’s body at his tail. “How would you know?” He looks back up to Dream’s face, smiling. “I guess it makes sense. You’ve been all clingy and needy like a dog... though, you’ve been like that all day, so I think that’s just what you’re like.”

“I’m not *clingy*, you’ve just been doing boring stuff!”

When George steps closer and reaches up, Dream finds himself bowing his head without thinking to let George reach easier. As he pets his hair, George begins laughing again.

“Good boy, Dream! Good boy!” His voice is loud through his laughter as he ruffles Dream’s hair.

“Don’t make fun of me, you’re such an idiot!”

George ignores him, just laughing harder. “Look! Your tail’s wagging even more! You’re literally a dog!”

“Yeah, we get it, I’m a dog.” Dream deadpans, yet still leans further into George’s touch. “Fix it.”

“What? No, I’m busy.”

Dream’s tail stops wagging, and he looks up as much as he can without pushing George’s hand off of his head to glare at him. “So you’re just gonna leave me like this?”

George shrugs, smirking when he scratches just behind one of Dream’s fluffy ears, causing Dream to sigh contentedly despite himself.

“*I told* you not to touch anything. You did this to yourself.”

“It’ll take you, like, ten seconds to fix!”

“I don’t remember what I did! It’s old code!”

“Why are you putting new stuff on top of old code, that doesn’t make any sense-”

Pulling his hand away, George crosses his arms. “I’m just testing things, stop judging what I’m doing, I’m better than you anyway.” He turns around, walking back over to his lectern, Dream following behind. “Stop following me, I’m busy.”

Frowning, Dream stands at the left edge of the lectern, peering down at the book. It’s nonsense to him, and he knows it’s mostly nonsense to George, too. Poking George in the shoulder elicits no reaction. Poking him in the side gets nothing, either. He looks up to George’s face where he’s staring intently at the words. Too intently. He’s ignoring him.

“Bullshit, you’re ‘busy’,” He reaches up to poke George in the cheek, but he dodges it. “You just don’t wanna help me.”

“Help yourself.”

“I don’t know how!”

“Neither do I!” George’s hand comes up to grab Dream’s wrist where he’s still trying to get his attention. “It won’t kill you to stay like this for a bit longer.”

Dream lets out an overexaggerated sigh. “At least come do something with me! You’ve been doing stuff all day, I’m gonna die of boredom.”

The grip on his wrist tightens. “You really are getting more and more like a dog, you’re so annoying.”

He has to kind of agree, there. He can feel the difference in his behaviour in how annoying he’s being, in how antsy he is, in how fidgety and restless he feels. He’s a lot less patient than he usually is. His fingers clench into a loose fist where they’re being held up by George’s grasp.

“Then pay attention to me! This is animal abuse! Neglect!” He stamps his foot on the floor, childishly, shaking his arm roughly so that George gets shaken too. George looks at him properly, then, grip tightening almost painfully.

“I’m not your owner. Go away, stop throwing a tantrum.” He’s trying so, so hard to sound mad, Dream can see the strain to keep a smile off of his face.

“You *are* my owner. I’ve decided. And as my owner, you have to play with me.”

“You’re such a weirdo!” The smile breaks through, but he doesn’t back down. “Go sit over there or something. We’ll...” he cringes as he speaks, throwing down Dream’s arm. “*play...* later. Or whatever.”

Dream laughs, loud and boyish, at George’s discomfort, and walks over to the benches and tables. It takes him a minute to figure out a comfortable sitting position, what with his new tail getting in the way. He ends up curling it around himself so it lays across his lap, while he rests his crossed arms on the table.

He was bored, before this, and he guesses he still is. Which is weird. You’d think a situation like this would probably be the most interesting thing to happen all week, but somehow he is *still* sat bored and alone while George ignores him. Why is George ignoring him?

He rests his cheek against his forearms on the table and watches George's back. He's still flicking through that stupid book, still testing out enchantments, still doing *nothing important*. He considers for a moment logging off and bothering Sapnap, but he really doesn't want to deal with pissing him off while he's practicing for that weird chess thing. He sighs, closing his eyes and turning his head so his forehead is against his arms.

Bad is streaming some lore stuff with Puffy. Tommy and Wilbur are playing Rust with Tubbo and Phil. He hasn't seen Sam online on discord all day. No one is free to hang out right now.

It was funny for a minute. When George pointed out his ears and tail, and how doglike he was acting, it was *funny*. Now, though, he feels himself getting more and more agitated as the minutes draw on. He's hot, the air in the library feels stuffy, and his knee starts bouncing on its own. He wants to *do* something. He wants to be *with* someone. His ears keep twitching at every tiny sound he hears from George's direction.

Now that he's hyper aware of the new additions to his body, he can't stop noticing them. His tail flutters gently, slowly up and down across his legs, and he can feel how the movement pushes against his fur. He lifts a hand to tousle his hair. He keeps feeling it brush against his ears, and the itchy sensations are overwhelming him. He's got anxious butterflies in his stomach.

"George?" His voice is quiet, even more so than usual where it's muffled into the table below him. He lifts his head up and rests his chin on the hand that was in his hair. He tries again. "George? Geoooorge?"

"Still busy."

"*George*. Please."

He hadn't meant to sound so nervous, but his voice wobbles a little as he speaks. It's enough to catch George's attention, and he turns around to look at him.

"Are you okay?" He sounds concerned, and Dream immediately feels bad for worrying him.

"Yeah, uh, I just... feel weird."

"Weird how?"

“I dunno. Everything feels like too much?”

George abandons his book and comes over to stand by the table. Dream’s tail starts swaying on its own, and he has to focus to make it stop.

“You feel ill?” George’s pale arm comes up, pushing back Dream’s hair and feeling his forehead with the back of his hand. Dream shuts his eyes, comfortable under his touch. “You don’t feel warm.”

“I’m not sick. Just... irritable. Overwhelmed. My body feels like it wants to have a panic attack, but there’s nothing wrong, so I don’t understand.”

George goes to pull his hand back, but stops and replaces it when Dream whines.

“Maybe you’ve got, like, separation anxiety. Dogs can get that when they’re apart from their owners for too long.” He sounds way softer, way more caring than Dream would’ve expected from him in a situation like this.

“But you’re right here. We’re not apart.”

His wrist twists, and George moves his hand so he’s gently carding his fingers through the front of Dream’s hair. “Well, maybe it’s like, how puppies get all attached to the first people they meet. Maybe you’re going through your puppy stage and want attention.”

Dream opens his mouth, about to go on about how *yeah, obviously I want attention, I’ve said that*, but closes it as he thinks about what George is saying. It makes sense, weirdly. If he’s got these physical traits, it’d make sense for him to get these emotional traits like being needy and affectionate, too. He opens his eyes, looking up and feeling instantly more calmed by George’s fond gaze. He pushes up into George’s hand.

“Maybe. I mean, this is nice, so...” He trails off, a little embarrassed. He knows he can’t help how his body and emotions are working right now, but he’s still self-conscious about how vulnerable he feels.

George furrows his brow a little, seemingly thinking for a moment, before he retracts his hand. He reaches over to the bench, next to where Dream is sat, and picks up one of the cushions off of it.

“How about you come sit with me over there?” He nods his head in the direction of the lectern. “I really wanna get some stuff done, I’m, like, in the zone right now, otherwise I’d hang out with you properly.” He tries to explain, sounding a little guilty.

“What, I sit at your feet like an *actual* dog while you work? What the hell, that’s so embarrassing!”

Dream watches as George’s cheeks fill with colour and he licks his lip nervously. “I didn’t mean it like- you’re so *annoying*, Dream.” He grips the pillow in his hand tighter, “I just thought it might make you feel better to be near me.”

“No chance. I’m not your pet.”

“You’re the one who said I’m your ow- y’know what? Fine. Don’t then.” George huffs, turning back around and walking back, returning to his book. He drops the cushion down next to the lectern, and looks over his shoulder. “When you’ve stopped being so up yourself, you can come sit with me.”

As soon as George is back to work, Dream feels the butterflies come back, stomach unsettling. He picks at the wood of the table with his nail, trying to distract himself. It’s not fun, feeling dependent. He scans the room again. Nothing catches his interest. His ears twitch again, already missing the feeling of George’s fingers gently scratching around them.

He barely lasts five minutes before he’s begrudgingly standing up and slinking over to where George is working. He stands behind him for a moment, contemplating. George is never gonna let him live this down, but he shuffles around him anyway and drops down onto the cushion placed to the left of the lectern. Sitting properly here is even more difficult than on the bench, so he ends up on his knees, resting back on his heels. Being this close to George *does* feel a lot better, but the position makes him flush.

“This is so humiliating, fuck this.”

George glances down at him, smiling kindly. He ignores Dream’s complaining. “Is that better?”

Dream pouts a little, not meeting George's gaze. "Yeah. Thanks."

He startles a bit as he feels George's hand back on his head, ruffling the top of his hair before pulling away. He looks up.

"Good puppy!" George jokes.

Dream wants to hate the condescension, wants to yell at George for being an idiot. He *wants* to, but he feels his tail behind him start to swish happily at the praise. George seems to notice, because his smile turns slightly smug.

"Yeah, no, don't call me that."

"Why?! Your tail is wagging!"

Dream puts all of his focus into getting it to stop, but it takes more effort than it's worth so he just lets it happen.

"I'll bite you next time. Maybe I've got sharp teeth like a dog, too." He licks across his teeth, feeling for any difference, but they're the same as usual.

"Then I'll muzzle you."

He's silent for a moment, before bursting into wheezing laughter. "Oh my god, George, you *freak!*"

George shakes his head, but he's smiling. He turns back to his book. "Be quiet, now."

Dream sighs, obnoxiously loud, but does as he's told. The position he's in isn't the most comfortable; he kind of wants to lay down, but it could be worse. He's glad for the cushion shielding his knees from the hard wooden flooring. He looks down at his legs, fiddling with a loose thread on his pants. He's here now, his anxiety has subsided a bit, but he's no less bored.

He leans his shoulder against the side of the lectern, trying to get comfortable. When he drops to rest his head against it, too, George looks down at him.

“Stop knocking it!”

“It’s not on purpose!” He defends, but sits back up straight. Usually George’s irritated tone wouldn’t bother him, but right now it gets him feeling dejected. He can *feel* himself getting more and more sensitive, more clingy. George tuts, and turns back to what he was doing.

He tries his hardest to sit still, to be patient and wait until George is done, but it’s so *hard*. He usually has pretty good willpower, but the need for attention and craving for physical affection is overwhelming him. He wants George’s hand back in his hair, he wants to hold George and be held in return, he wants to bury his face in George’s neck.

He shuffles forward, dragging the cushion with him, until he’s close enough to bend down and rest his cheek against George’s thigh. He rubs his face against it, nuzzling against his jeans and smiling to himself when he feels George shift his weight.

“Why?” He looks down at him again, a small questioning smile on his face.

Dream would be lying if he said he wasn’t embarrassed, but he decides to just let go and give in to the soft, clingy feelings bubbling inside of him. He’ll deal with the bullying he’s certain to get about it later.

“Cuddly,” He says, simply, resting his cheek on George’s leg and looking up at him. “You’re warm.”

George just laughs, and Dream sits up a little straighter. His height means that even still sat back against his calves, his head still easily reaches George’s middle. He nuzzles into George’s side, feeling the softness of his t-shirt against his face.

“Dream, I can’t focus if you’re doing that.”

“Pet me.”

“No, I’m-”

“*Pet me.*” Dream pulls back and hangs his head, as if giving better access for George to stroke through his hair. George laughs again, but to Dream’s delight he does thread his fingers in the strands.

“Okay, okay,” He pets through Dream’s hair, fingers brushing through from front to back down the middle of his head. Dream sighs. “That feels nice?”

“Mhm.”

Having his hair played with has always felt good, even before this situation, but right now it feels heavenly. George’s fingers feel like magic as they massage over his scalp and gently tug at the lengths.

“Maybe I’ll never fix the code. I think we should keep you like this.”

“You keep saying I’m annoying, though.”

“You are. But you’re easy to please.” He moves to gently hold the end of one of Dream’s fluffy ears, running his thumb over the soft fur and giggling happily when Dream all but purrs in response. “See, you get all happy when I stroke you.”

“Don’t say ‘stroke’, that’s weird.”

“Do you want me to stop?” George warns, fingers stilling.

“No! No...” Dream’s voice comes out louder, more alarmed than he wanted it to. He coughs a little before continuing. “Please don’t, it’s nice.”

“You’re being *really* different, I don’t know if I should be concerned.” George lifts his hand, but Dream instantly grabs it, placing it back on his head.

“I’m fine, I’m good, I just-” Dream’s fingers clench around George’s palm before letting go,

rubbing his head against his hand to try and get him to continue petting him. “Just dog things, I guess. Being pet is really, really nice.”

George continues absently petting him as he works, and Dream lets himself melt into it. His eyes slip shut, and he feels tranquillity wash over him. Now he understands why dogs get all mad when you stop petting them, he thinks, because this really does feel amazing.

He shuffles forward again, and leans his head so his cheek is resting on George’s upper thigh, just by his hip. He’s feeling a little sleepy; the calming motions of George’s hand lulling him into a peaceful state. At some point, he’d slipped in his position so now his knees were slightly spread beneath himself, his hands between them gripping at the cushion.

He *was* conflicted by this, uncomfortable, but now he doesn’t think he’s ever been so content in his life. George’s fingers trail to the base of one of his ears, and the way they tenderly caress him, pressing softly, makes him whine. He considers for a moment getting George to tame a dog too, just so he can pet him like this and watch him fall apart as easily as he himself is.

A startled yelp is pulled from him as the hand in his hair suddenly grips a little, pulling his head back gently. George drops down to crouch in front of him, and once they’re at eye level, he loosens his grip.

“You’re panting.”

Dream blinks at him, licking his dry lips. He hadn’t noticed.

“Oh. Sorry.”

“It’s distracting.”

“Sorry.” He repeats, a little unsure.

George’s fingers start moving again, scratching at that spot by his ear, and Dream’s tail starts thumping on the ground. He leans his head into the touch, and this time he does notice when his breathing gets a bit heavy.

“You sound so cute.” George’s other hand comes to Dream’s shoulder, rubbing soothing circles into it with his thumb before trailing down his arm and coming to rest on his waist. “Cute puppy.”

Dream opens his mouth to complain, *I told you not to call me that*, but instead all that comes out is a sharp intake of breath as George tugs on his hair again. He keeps his grip firm for a second, watching Dream’s expression, before he lets go and moves his hand from his hair to cup Dream’s face.

“It’s good when I touch around your ears?” He asks, a small smile on his face as he rubs his thumb over his cheek.

“Mhm. It’s, like, calming.”

George nods, and the hand on his waist slowly creeps down, slipping under Dream’s top and settling on his lower back.

“What’s it feel like if I touch here?”

As he speaks, he trails his fingers down to gently touch over where Dream’s tail starts. His touch is light, Dream barely feels it, until George’s hand runs further down and grips it, stroking over it from the middle to the end and letting it slip through his grip. He does it again, starting completely at the base and holding just a tad firmer, and Dream shudders.

“Weird...” He breathes, tail twitching in George’s hand as he pets over it.

“Bad weird?” As his hand reaches the tip of the tail, George pets over the fur with his thumb, feeling its softness. “It’s so fluffy!”

“I don’t know.” Dream’s fingers tighten their grip on the fabric beneath him as George continues stroking over his tail. “I think it’s good? It’s...different?”

George hums, and when his hand reaches back to the base of his tail, he pets at it with purpose. He wraps his palm and fingers around the tail, and firmly rubs his thumb over where it connects to his body. Dream whines, loud and confused, and he sways forward to lay his forehead against George’s shoulder. Okay, *that* felt different.

“Yeah?” George laughs, seemingly pleased with the reaction. The hand that was on Dream’s cheek goes to pat comfortingly at his back. He gives the smallest of pulls to Dream’s tail, and continues laughing when Dream whines again, his whole body shaking.

That feels way too good, Dream thinks. He’d expected it to hurt; animals don’t often like it when you play with their tails, but for some reason, he can’t stop his legs from quaking and his breath from quickening. Are dog’s tails usually an erogenous zone? Surely not. He already felt like putty in George’s hands from all the hair petting, but this was getting to be too much.

“George, don’t, that’s-” He cuts himself off, burying his face in George’s shirt. It’s embarrassing how easily he’s gotten worked up, but he guesses this is just another thing that comes with the whole dog situation.

“It’s *good?* ” George emphasises, tugging again. Dream can’t help the moan he lets out. This isn’t fair.

“Shut up, shut up,” Dream mumbles, breathing deeply to try and steady himself. It doesn’t work. “You smell nice.”

George is giggling happily above him, the hand on his tail going between light tugs and gently caressing over it. “*Needy* puppy, too. Is touching your tail actually getting you turned on?”

Dream groans, shaking his head. “It’s not my fault!” His thighs quiver, knees twitching, trying to pull together but failing. He kneads at the pillow below him. “You need to stop that, before I actually get hard and don’t know how to handle it.”

The hand on his back slides up to the nape of his neck, playing with the short, thin strands there. “Aw, really? You don’t want to have that kind of fun while you’re stuck like this?”

George’s fingers clench and unclench around the base of his tail, almost threatening another tug.

“You said you’re busy. You’re just gonna work me up and leave me, like an asshole.”

“You’ve distracted me. I won’t be able to focus if you’re next to me panting like that.” The hand

on his tail moves to rest just above it on the small of his back. “We can do stuff if you want. I won’t leave you, I’m not gonna be cruel when you’re this dependent.”

Dream pulls himself back so he can look George in the eyes.

“Promise?” His voice comes out sounding pretty pathetic, and he clears his throat to try and right it, cheeks flushing. George chuckles, using the hand on the back of Dream’s head to pull him in for a kiss.

“I promise.” George murmurs against Dream’s lips, smiling as they connect.

Dream’s hands come up to grasp gently at George’s t-shirt. He plays with it between his fingers as their mouths press together, George’s lips feeling as wonderful as ever against his. George always likes to ease into his kisses, Dream knows; he always starts out unrushed and gentle, casual and teasing before slowly getting more into it. He’s doing that now, and Dream isn’t feeling patient enough for it. He pushes forward, trying to deepen their kiss, but the hand on his head moves to the back of his neck and holds him still. George pulls back, giving Dream a look.

“Too eager!” He jokes, placing a peck on Dream’s nose, giggling when Dream lifts his chin up to try and kiss him again. “You’ve got to be a good boy if you wanna do this.”

Dream pouts, hands fisting tighter in George’s t-shirt. “Why are you being weird about it?”

“What? You like it don’t you?” He peers over Dream’s shoulder to where his tail is swishing keenly. Dream doesn’t say anything, which makes George smile wider. “Exactly. Dogs want to make their owners happy, so you’re gonna be good, right?”

He’s not sure how to feel about George calling himself Dream’s owner, but he finds himself nodding anyway. Both of George’s hands move from their positions to come up to Dream’s head, cradling it between his palms and scratching behind both of his ears.

“You’re getting weirdly into this, George.” Dream tries to tease, but his voice comes out breathy as his eyes flutter shut at the petting.

“You’re just so cute like this.” George states, earnest. “It’s really hot how quickly you got all turned on. It surprised me.”

“Surprised me, too.” Dream mutters, head twitching a little as he tries to figure out which one of George’s hands he should lean into. “‘s nice when you call me good.”

“Yeah? You gonna keep being good, then, so I can keep saying it?”

Dream nods, turning his head to one side to place a kiss to George’s palm. He settles his cheek against his hand and looks at George, giving him his best attempt at puppy dog eyes he can muster. He guesses it was pretty good, because George seems to melt, grabbing Dream by both cheeks and kissing him again. He doesn’t pull back this time when Dream deepens their kiss, just lets his mouth fall slightly open so Dream can lick at his lips.

Kissing George is one of Dream’s favourite things to do. He could, and often does, spend hours making out with him. Right now, that’s what he wants to do, but by the first brush of George’s tongue over his own, he’s already overwhelmed. He whines softly against George’s lips, hands on his shirt coming up to grasp at his shoulders.

His breath stutters when George pulls back slightly to bite at his lower lip. A few kisses are placed across his cheeks, and Dream can feel how hot his face is under George’s attention. Distantly, he hears the fur of his tail swish against the wooden floor.

“You’re all shaky already.” George speaks, quiet, face so close to Dream’s that Dream has a hard time keeping his eyes focused. “You already worked up? Want me to touch you?”

Dream goes to respond, but George’s thumb moves to brush over his lips. Dream lets out a quiet, strained noise, nodding and pressing a kiss to the pad of George’s thumb. He feels pathetic, but George’s gaze and hands on him are setting his nerves alight.

One of George’s hands comes from his face down to Dream’s waist, rucking his top up a bit to touch his bare flesh. Dream shivers. His skin feels hot, and George’s hand is startlingly cold as it brushes over his waist and stomach. His touch lingers, going back and forth over his hips and up to his ribs and back down again, and Dream’s hips twitch, impatient.

“Don’t tease me,”

“I’m not, I’m just enjoying you.”

Dream groans, writhing under George's hand. He bites the inside of his cheek when George grips hard on his hip.

"I thought you said you'd be good?"

George leans forward to kiss him softly, before pulling back and looking down. Despite his words, his fingers move to pop open the button of Dream's jeans and pull down the zipper. Dream looks down, too, and watches as George pulls open his jeans and places his fingers delicately over his boxers. Neither of them fail to see the way Dream's dick twitches.

"So needy," George coos, grin evident in his voice. Dream looks to the side, flustered.

"George," He pleads, tilting his hips up to try and get more of George's hand on him. He sighs when George flattens his hand against him.

"Okay, okay." George's thumb pets over Dream's cheek as he palms him over his boxers.

Dream's eyes flutter shut, and he sucks in a breath. George's hand feels *amazing*, and he can't stop the way his hips keep jerking and twitching into it. His hand lowers a little, George's hand moving under him slightly to brush over his balls. The way his jeans are still on, just open to expose his crotch, makes it a little difficult, but the feeling has Dream whimpering anyway.

When he turns back to George's face, he's looking at him with fond eyes. The hand comes up from his cheek to brush his hair off of his forehead, and the loving gesture makes Dream smile timidly.

"So cute, so cute." George's voice is a quiet mutter as he smooths over Dream's hair.

It's so good, being pet and praised and touched like this by George. He always likes getting his ego stroked, but the way it's being amplified right now has him feeling giddy.

George's hand grips Dream's dick properly over his boxers, and starts a rubbing over him in a slow but firm rhythm. His thighs start to shake again; he's never felt this sensitive before in his life. He's only being touched over his clothes but it already almost feels like too much.

When he feels George's hand squeeze *just* so perfectly at his tip, he lets out a moan, mouth falling open and head tipping back. The hand in his hair comes back to cup his face and he turns into it, pressing kisses over George's thumb and ball of his hand.

"Good?" George asks, as if he can't tell.

"Mhm." he hums, and is surprised at the way he's managed to somehow make a hum sound desperate.

George rubs over Dream's lips again, like earlier, and Dream lets his mouth fall open. His breathing shallows as he feels the pad of George's thumb run slowly back and forth over his lower lip, pulling it down slightly and letting go to watch it snap back into place. After the movement is repeated a few times, Dream pokes out his tongue a little, the tip of it brushing over George's skin.

The corners of his lips quirk up the tiniest bit when George's thumb slides over his tongue. He keeps his mouth open, happy for George to press inside and rub at his tongue. He keeps still for a moment, obediently letting him do what he wants, before closing his lips around his thumb and sucking at it gently.

They lock eyes, and Dream can see how blown out George's pupils are. He bets his own look similar. He sucks more of George's thumb into his mouth, teeth biting down just the slightest bit when the hand on his dick tightens its grip.

George pulls his thumb out, only to replace it with his pointer and middle fingers. Dream's eyes slide shut as the fingers are pushed into his mouth, and he does his best to suck at them in the way he hopes George wants him to. He feels great; using his mouth is one of his favourite things. He's never thought too much about it, but he loves kissing, loves giving head, loves leaving marks on his lovers... maybe he has a slight oral fixation? He guesses so.

He lets his mouth fall open again when George presses the pads of his fingers down firmly on his tongue, and he groans aloud as George thrusts his fingers shallowly in and out of his mouth. On each push in, he goes a little deeper, and Dream relaxes his jaw as much as he can so George has as much access to his mouth as he wants. His eyes screw shut when George's fingers hit near the back of his tongue at the same time as his thumb on his other hand swipes over the head of his cock.

Dream's hands come up to grasp around George's wrist, pulling his fingers out of his mouth and opening his eyes.

“Can I-” His voice comes out weird, so he clears his throat. “Can I suck your dick?”

He flushes under his own forwardness. George blinks at him for a second, seemingly taken aback, but smiles. His hand stills it’s movement over Dream’s boxers.

“You want to?”

Dream nods, eager. “Yeah, please. Feels nice, in my mouth.”

George’s smile gets a little giddy, and he bites at his lip. His voice is quiet when he speaks, a bewildered whisper. “You said *please*. Oh my god, that’s so cute...”

He presses a peck Dream on the forehead, then stands up. His legs are a little shaky for a moment after being crouched for so long, but he steadies himself quickly. Dream’s hands immediately go to his thighs, and he leans forward to nuzzle against George’s crotch. George laughs, his left hand going to rest atop Dream’s head and pushing him back a bit.

“Greedy puppy.” He scolds playfully. Dream huffs, trying to lean forward again to continue but just being pulled back again, this time by George’s fingers tanging in his hair. “God, it’s so cute how your tail wags, I love it.”

“Shut up, I can’t help it.” Dream leans forward once more, ignoring the way the movement tugs at his hair, and presses his cheek to George’s hip. “Let me.”

The hand in his hair lets up it’s grip, instead moving to pet through the strands. “Alright, go on then.”

Dream shuffles forward a bit, rearranging himself on his knees to get at a correct height, and goes back to nuzzling against George’s jeans. The denim is scratchy against his skin, but he can feel the warmth of his dick through his clothes. He presses kisses to it, delighted by how hard he can feel George already is.

He slides his hands up George’s thighs to his waistband, tugging at it idly as he kisses over his cock. He runs his tongue over it, fabric catching a little on his tongue, and he groans. Pressing his

nose into his clothes.

“You smell good,” He mutters, not really thinking.

“That’s weird, Dream.” He can hear the smile in George’s voice. He ignores him, just continues rubbing his face against him, until the hand in his hair stills into a firm grip again. “Get a move on.”

Dream internally rolls his eyes at George’s attempt to be commanding, but complies. His fingers come to fumble at his button and zipper, getting it open and pulling his jeans open just enough to expose his boxers, and goes back to nuzzling.

The fabric of his boxers is considerably softer against his skin, and the heat is even more prominent. He licks over him again, from base to tip over the fabric. George’s hand pets over his head again, encouraging, and Dream leans up to suck over George’s tip, tongue rubbing over it and wetting the fabric. He smiles a little as George’s breath stutters, and continues working the same spot. He hums cheerfully when he tastes precum leak a little through the fibers.

Dream looks up at George’s face, and his heart swells a little at how beautiful George looks above him like this. His face is flushed, and the desire in his look makes his already dark eyes look even darker, prettier.

“Doing okay?” George asks, the hand not in his hair coming to brush under his chin and tilt his head up.

“Yeah. You’re hot.”

George snickers, fingers rubbing lovingly under his chin. “So are you.”

Dream smiles, and turns his attention back to George’s crotch. He runs his hand over George’s hardness, poking gently at the wet patch at the tip before hooking his fingers in the waistband. He pulls down his boxers as best he can, huffing impatiently as he has to take the time to tug down his jeans a little as well to get enough space to pull George’s dick free.

Once he pulls it out, he wraps his fingers loosely around it with one hand and places gentle kisses to the shaft. He rubs his cheek against it, smiling giddily. George isn’t *small* - he hasn’t asked for

exact measurements or anything, because that'd be a bit weird. To Dream he seems pretty proportionate - but Dream always loves the way his large hand almost covers the entire thing. He rubs his thumb across the lower half of it while planting wet kisses across the top.

The hand on Dream's chin goes to his cheek, and Dream leans slightly into it as he lays a lick to George's tip. He hums happily, shifting his hands to hold George's cock steady while he licks enthusiastically across the head over and over. If he weren't busy, he'd lean into the slight twitch of George's fingers in his hair.

He flattens his tongue and runs it languidly from base to tip, right over a prominent vein. When he gets to the tip, he looks up as best he can without removing his mouth from George. He makes sure to put on those puppy dog eyes again as he sticks his tongue out and taps George's cock against it a few times. He stops, licking firmly over him again before tapping it again. Dream buzzes under George's gaze, and takes his tip just between his lips, sucking softly.

"You look good like this," George's voice is breathy, and he rubs his thumb lovingly over Dream's cheek.

Dream smiles, closing his eyes and taking George's head properly into his mouth. He tongues over the slit, tail waving delightedly behind him when George lets out a quiet moan. He enjoys giving head, maybe more than he should. Being able to pull those noises out of George, being able to make his legs shake and his fingers tense just with his mouth - it's good for his ego.

He starts shallowly bobbing his head, taking a little more of George's cock into his mouth as he goes. When he hollows his cheeks, the hand in his hair tugs slightly, and he groans around him. On each bob, as the tip comes to his lips, he presses his tongue deliberately just under the head, like he knows George likes.

It's easy for Dream to get lost in it, to fall into an easy rhythm and almost forget what he's doing, just letting his body take over. The sweet noises George is letting out above him fuel the fire in his stomach, and he knows he would happily kneel here all day if it meant that George would keep making them. He hollows his cheeks again, sucking hard, and the hand in his hair tightens and pushes him down.

Dream's eyes open, startled, as his head is pushed further onto George's dick. His hands at the base stop him from getting all the way down, and when George pushes at his head again, he moves them to hold at his hips so he can get deeper. George isn't too forceful, his grip is lax enough that Dream could pull back if he wanted. He doesn't want to, and he takes as much of George into his mouth as he comfortably can.

“You’re doing so well, look at you,” George praises, and Dream just takes him deeper.

He chokes a little, pulling back a bit to get his bearings before taking it all. His eyelashes flutter, and he looks up through them as he feels the tip gently hit the back of his throat. He holds it there, hoping he looks hot, and he feels his fluffy ears on his head twitch as his throat constricts and he has to pull back. George looks like he’s about to say something, but before he can Dream is already taking him in again, all the way to the base way too fast and choking. He tries to power through it, but Geroge pulls him off.

“Hey, be careful.” He scolds, but his tone is fond.

“Wanna make you feel nice.” Dream says, simply. He takes a second to catch his breath, and brings his fist up to his face as he coughs a couple of times.

“Isn’t that too much, though? You seem like you’re pushing yourself.”

Dream shakes his head. “No, no, I like it. It’s nice.” He clears his throat again. “You can be, like, rougher, if you want.”

George’s hands come to brush through his bangs again. “You sure? You want me to?”

“Yeah, yeah.” He smiles, reassuringly. “I can take it.”

The smile that George returns is so warm that Dream thinks he might fall apart. The hand on his cheek shifts so he can pull at Dream’s lower lip with his thumb. Dream lets his mouth fall open obediently, sticking out his tongue and tilting his head up a little, inviting. He shifts his position a bit, spreading his thighs and placing his hands on the ground between them, palms flat on the cushion. George runs his thumb over the end of Dream’s tongue.

“So cute, good boy.” He coos, and he removes his hand from Dream’s hair so he can hold the base of his dick.

He copies what Dream did earlier, tapping the tip against Dream’s tongue, and snickering at the way the corners of Dream’s mouth attempt to quirk up. He relaxes his jaw more, opening his mouth as wide as it’ll go, and he sighs as George slides his head teasingly over him. Dick doesn’t usually taste like much, but Dream thinks that the faintness he can taste of George’s cock is perfect.

“You have such a pretty mouth, Dream.” George pushes himself over Dream’s tongue and into his mouth, thumb on his chin holding his mouth open. He pulls it out to rub against his bottom lip, smirking down at Dream, and Dream feels a tiny bit of precum leak onto it.

George’s hand slides from his chin to ghost over his jaw, and he slowly pushes himself properly into Dream’s mouth. Dream closes his lips around him, keeping as still as he can as George sighs. He breathes steadily through his nose, tapping his fingers against the cushion while George slides deeper into his mouth.

He pulls out completely, resting his tip on Dream’s lips, and Dream licks at it. He presses a kiss over the slit, smiling up at George. He parts his lips a little when the hand on his jaw grips him firmly. He lets George tilt his head, looking up at him slightly puzzled.

George’s hand cups his face, and with his other hand he guides his cock back into Dream’s mouth. It slides over his tongue, and Dream feels his face flush as it pushes against his cheek. George’s thumb glides over his face, tracing the outline of his tip through Dream’s cheek. It feels lewd; the crude gesture, having George purposefully push his cock into the soft inside of his mouth so he can see it from the outside. He lets out a little muffled moan, wishing he could see what he looked like. From George’s dark, glazed over eyes, he guesses he looks pretty good.

“God, look at you, little puppy.” George continuously pets over the bump in Dream’s cheek, pressing himself slightly further in to watch it bulge more. “That’s so hot, being able to see me in your mouth like this.”

Dream whimpers, laving his tongue over the length as best as he can. It’s uncomfortable where it pushes against him, and he feels drool start to gather in his mouth. It threatens to spill past his lips as George shallowly rocks his hips, pushing against Dream’s cheek again and again and smiling as he watches it move.

He manages to swallow as George pulls back once more. The hand on his jaw moves his head back to normal, before sliding up into his hair. Dream takes deep breaths, steadyng himself before letting his mouth drop open again. He blinks up at George, giving a look that he hopes conveys that he’s ready.

George’s hands rest on top of Dream’s head just behind his ears, and Dream’s tail flicks about as George pushes in. He’s gentle at first, not going too deep, letting Dream get used to the feeling of not being in control of the way his dick is moving in and out of his mouth. He does his best to suck a little, moving his tongue against the underside, but ultimately Dream just lets George set the pace.

As he starts thrusting his hips, slowly going deeper, Dream notices how close his head is getting to the back of his throat, tickling the back of his tongue. George grunts above him, fingers petting soothingly behind Dream's soft ears, causing him to shake as he tries to moan around him. It feels amazing, George's fingers pressing and rubbing over his sensitive ears while he fucks into his mouth.

He blinks up at George, and as they look at each other, George's hips stutter, pressing forward more so his dick hits Dream's throat. He gags, the noise wet and loud in the quiet library, and his eyes start to water. Despite it, he keeps eye contact. George pulls back a little, presumably to apologise and be gentler, but Dream pushes his own head forward, taking him down all the way to the base.

George gasps, fingers twisting in Dream's hair as Dream's throat flutters around him. He chokes, body trying to reject the intrusion, but for some reason it feels *good*. He tries to relax, to take George in as deep as he'll go without problem, but he chokes again. The noise must've done something to George, because the hands in his hair grip him firm, holding him down for a few seconds before letting go and pulling him back so only the tip rests in his mouth.

"You doing okay?" George breathes, grip loosening a little and petting over where he assumes Dream's scalp is sore.

Dream nods a little, trying not to let George fall out from between his lips. He presses his tongue over the vein again, before attempting to deepthroat again. His body threatens to choke again, but he keeps as relaxed as he can, forcing George as deep as possible. It hurts, the pressure is a lot, but Dream loves it, loves how he can feel George's cock hot and heavy, twitching on his tongue. He stays down for too long, gagging again, and he screws his eyes shut as he pulls all the way back and off, coughing and spluttering.

"Hey, I said be careful."

Dream takes a second to breathe, thankful for the consistent, calming fingers in his hair to ground him.

"'s nice," He tries, voice hoarse.

George chuckles. "You're so weird. You're enjoying choking on it?"

“Mhm.”

“Want me to take over?” George asks, smiling as Dream feels his dick slide against his cheek. He turns slightly to press a kiss to the shaft before looking back up. “You sound hot gagging like that.”

Dream nods, a shiver running through him at George’s words. “Yeah. Go as hard as you want.”

“Promise you’ll let me know if you need to pause?”

He nods again, sticking his tongue out as if to tell him to get a move on. George shakes his head, laughing at his eagerness.

George’s fingers get a sturdy grip on Dream’s hair, and he starts pushing him down. Once again, Dream tries to relax, tries to make his mouth as easy for George to use as possible. He’s pulled all the way down, and he’s proud of himself that he doesn’t choke this time. George holds him there for a second before moving him back up, only to pull him back down again hard. He lets his eyes flutter shut, revelling in the feeling of having George fuck his mouth.

He gets rougher as he continues to pull him down, holding him down for longer each time. Dream feels tears spring to his eyes as he’s held down with his nose pressed against George’s stomach, and his throat constricts, choking loudly. George brings him back, giving him just enough time to catch his breath before beginning again.

Dream falls into it, brain blanking as he lets George use him. His head swims, taking in the beautiful, short moans George is letting out. He distantly feels his tail thumping against the floor, and he bets he looks so pathetic right now, tail wagging happily while he’s choking on cock.

“So perfect, my good boy,” George’s voice is quiet, or maybe Dream is just too dazed to hear it, but he beams under his words anyway. Every time he hits the back of his throat, Dream wants to let out a moan of his own, loving the feeling despite the discomfort.

Dream groans as his hair gets tugged hard, and his head is held still. George pushes his hips forward, setting a quick pace, fucking Dream’s face. With each deep, hard thrust in, Dream chokes around him, and tears start to spill down his face. He tries to look up at George, but he can’t see past his watery vision that only gets worse with each passing second.

“You’re doing so well, so good.” George sighs. Dream’s fingers grip hard at the cushion beneath him, and if his nails were longer he bets he would have ripped a hole in it by now. It’s rare for George to talk like this, and Dream’s body burns hot with need because of it. “Perfect, so perfect,”

One of George’s hands comes down to wipe the tears from his cheeks, the caring gesture a stark contrast to his harsh thrusts. Dream feels himself leak into his boxers, and his hips buck up into nothing. He’s so hard, the taste and feel of George on his tongue fogging his brain.

His grip returns to his hair, and George sets a brutal pace. He pulls Dream’s head down at the same time as his hips snap forward, and Dream knows his voice is going to be wrecked by the time this is over. His cock hits his throat on each pass, and each time Dream chokes, unable to control it anymore. George doesn’t give him room to breathe, letting out pleasured moans as Dream’s coughs and gags around him. His ears twitch, and as he swallows hard around the dick in his mouth, they pin back, flat against his head.

He’s getting a bit lightheaded, overwhelmed, and he’s so turned on he doesn’t know how to handle it. His hands lift from their grip on the cushion, and he digs his nails into his own thighs. On a particularly harsh thrust from George, one where he holds him down just a bit too long, he coughs harshly, letting out a loud sob.

George lets up at that, pulling him all the way off of his cock and stroking down his sweaty hair. The fluffy ears slowly raise back to their normal position.

“Sorry, sorry, too much?” George sounds a little guilty, and Dream drags in harsh breaths. His throat is already sore, and he feels faint from lack of air, but he doesn’t mind in the slightest.

“No-” he starts, but it comes out more like a squeak. He coughs a couple of times. “No, it’s okay, just give me a second.”

After catching his breath a little, he looks up, and can’t help but mirror the fond smile he sees on George’s face. He wiggles his head happily as George pets over his ears again.

“God, you really *are* so good, y’know that? You took that so well, I’m genuinely impressed.”

“Nnh, why are you being so nice to me, you’re never usually this kind.” Dream wants to laugh at how ruined his voice sounds, but he bets that’ll hurt, so he holds it back.

“Well, you’re reacting to it so cutely.” Dream trembles, leaning into George’s hands. “You’re not being all snarky like normal. Puppy-Dream is so cute, you’re such a good boy.”

Dream whines, red tear-stained cheeks grow even hotter, if that’s even possible. He brings his hands up, one resting on George’s hip and the other curling loosely around George’s dick. It’s wet with his saliva, and Dream bites his lip hard. *That’s so hot.*

He strokes over George, slow and casual as he gets his bearings. He smiles to himself as George’s hips stutter, thrusting a little into his hand.

“You don’t have to continue if it’s too much.” George supplies, and Dream wants so badly to kiss him.

“I want to,” He states, pressing a kiss to the side of George’s dick, before licking a stripe along the underside. “I’ll do it, though.”

George chuckles guiltily above him, and Dream shakes his head.

“It was good, what you did!” He clarifies. “Really good, I really liked that. I just- yeah, I don’t wanna pass out.”

“Fair enough.” George giggles, and Dream gives him one last smile before ducking down and continuing where he left off.

He takes just the head in his mouth for now, rubbing over it with his tongue while his hand works over George’s shaft. He feels him leak onto his tongue, and he grins, sucking a little and eliciting the cutest gasp from George.

He starts bobbing his head, taking about half into his warm mouth. He hollows his cheeks, humming slightly around him as George starts to fiddle idly with his ears. He tries to keep a steady rhythm, but finds it hard to stop himself from being too eager. He can’t help it; it’s easy to get greedy when George’s dick down his throat feels that good and the noises he makes sound that stunning.

He lets himself indulge a bit, going down almost all of the way before coming back up again. The fingers by his ears fidget, as if warning him that he'll get pulled off if he hurts himself again. He wants to laugh at that, but can't around the heat in his mouth, so he just goes down again, swallowing when he gets him to the back of his tongue. The way George's hips stutter and his breath shakes has him dizzy with need.

"That feels so good, oh god," George mutters when Dream flicks his tongue over the head, his hand stroking over the rest of his shaft. Dream smiles, looking up at George's blissed out expression.

"m glad," his voice comes out like a whisper, and he goes back down again, taking all of George in down to the base.

He switches between taking all of him at once and focusing on the tip, thoroughly enjoying himself as he gets George off. It's getting increasingly hard to ignore his own arousal, and he can feel the front of his boxers sticking to him where he's leaking into them. He briefly considers bringing one of his hands down to touch himself, but the thought is shocked out of him as George's hips nudge involuntarily forward, knocking his cock against the very back of his tongue, forcing a strained gasp out of him.

"Sorry-" George starts, trying to pull Dream's head back, but he cuts himself off with a moan as Dream forces himself down to swallow around him. "-oh, fuck, fuck,"

From George's wavering voice and twitching hips, Dream knows he's close. If he wants to save his voice, he should probably finish George off with his hand, but George's cock twitching against his tongue convinces him to continue with as he is.

He strokes quickly over the lower half of George's dick, licking over the head and sucking on it, before bobbing down further, then back up to repeat the motion. George's hands in his hair are clenching and unclenching, and he feels the hair on his nape rise as he shudders.

"Dream, Dream," George pants, "You're so good at this, holy shit,"

Dream moans around him, living for the praise. He takes him in deep one more time, and George groans, fingers tightening and pulling Dream off of him completely. He gasps as he's pulled back, trying to lean forward to take him back in and whining when George doesn't let him. One of his hands removes itself from Dream's hair, moving down to beat away Dream's hand on his cock and wrapping his own hand around it.

“*Let me,*” Dream frowns, eyebrows furrowing.

“Shh,” George hushes, stroking himself.

“George,”

“Open your mouth, okay puppy?” He does a pretty good job of keeping his voice steady when he’s that close, Dream thinks. He obeys, sticking his tongue out and going back to gripping the pillow below him.

Dream lets out a soft moan as George rests the tip of his dick on his tongue, quickly working over himself. Dream blinks, eyes flitting between George’s face and his hand.

“That’s it, good boy, good boy,”

He really, really wants to close his lips around him, wants to continue working his tongue over him, but he’s paralyzed by the *need* to be good for George. He trembles, and he leaks again, letting out an embarrassed noise as he can tell that his boxers definitely have a large wet spot on them. He’s glad he can’t look down and see it.

George’s hand speeds up, breaths stuttering, and Dream gasps aloud as he finally feels liquid hit his tongue. George moans above him, and Dream shuts his eyes, overwhelmed by the perfect sound, the taste, the feeling of George’s cum in his mouth. George pulls back a little, and Dream keeps his mouth open as cum hits his face, spurting over his cheek and across his nose.

He cracks one eye open, wanting to see George’s face. He doesn’t know if looking is a mistake or not, because as hot as George looks, it only gets him impossibly harder.

“*Fuck, fuck, fuck-*” George sounds so good, so amazing as he comes. Dream’s jaw is starting to ache, but he keeps his mouth open.

He looks with affectionate eyes as George starts to come down. He watches his chest heave, rising and falling with his laboured breaths, and his hand slowing its movements. He’s so beautiful from this angle, so beautiful from every angle, especially post orgasm. His cheeks are flushed, his lips

redder than usual from biting at them.

Once George tucks himself away, pulling his clothes back into place, he looks down at Dream and lets out a warm giggle. He scratches behind Dream's ear in the spot he's found that he likes.

"You don't have to stay like that, you know." He watches as George's eyes flit across his face, over his cheeks and nose and back to his mouth. "You wanna spit it out?"

Dream doesn't respond, just closes his mouth and swallows. It's kind of gross, he'll admit, the way it sticks a little to the inside of his mouth and throat, making him swallow a few more times. When he's done he opens his mouth once more, showing his clean tongue, and George laughs again.

"God, you're an idiot. Good boy, Dream."

His face is still dirty, and it's a bit uncomfortable, but he doesn't ask to get cleaned up. He feels it start to drip a little down his cheek, resting on the corner of his mouth, and without thinking he swipes his tongue out to catch it.

"Are you doing okay, though? Not hurting too much?"

Dream nods, clearing his throat again. "I'm good," He smiles at the amusing way his voice cracks. "It sounds worse than it is."

He exhales a shaky breath and George starts playing with his ears again. Now that he's not distracted by getting George off, his own neediness comes back to the forefront of his mind. He shifts his weight a little, feeling the ache in his thighs from being on his knees for so long. He rolls his shoulders back; his neck is starting to ache, too. He's looking forward to laying down after this.

"You still want me to help you out?" As he speaks, George lifts his foot to gently tap against Dream's thigh.

"Mhm." Dream leans forward a little, pressing a kiss to the inside of George's forearm.

A playful grin stretches across George's face, and he moves his leg to rub his boot ever so lightly

over Dream's crotch. Dream gasps at the feeling, hips tilting up on instinct.

"Maybe I should make you rub against my leg, like a real dog?" His voice is airy, and Dream's eyes widen at his words. He shakes his head frantically.

"What?! No! Fuck no, that's so humiliating!"

George laughs, cruelly gliding the toe of his boot up and down. "You're already on the ground, you might as well."

Dream groans, irritated. "Don't even joke like that, you're such a freak."

He removes his foot, placing it back on the ground. George lets out an over exaggerated sigh, attempting to frown but failing as his smile forces itself to stay. "You're way less annoying when you're using your mouth."

"I'll use my mouth to bite you, how about that?"

"Why are you being all feisty now? What happened to being a good boy?" George is clearly just teasing, but Dream frowns.

"You were being mean!" He defends. His ear twitches as he feels George's thumb pinch at it lightly. "You promised you'd help me!"

Dream watches as George crouches down in front of him again, taking his face in his hands and squishing his cheeks. He grimaces as George's thumb swipes over some of the mess, rubbing it into his skin.

"I know, I'm only joking." He moves one of his hands down to pet over Dream's thigh, tracing patterns over his jeans. "Let's make you feel better, okay, puppy?"

"Stop calling me that." Dream's protest is weak, his leg trembling under George's ticklish touch. His own hands come up to grab at George's t-shirt.

“Come on, you’re acting like you don’t like it, but your tail wags whenever I say it. *And* you’re still hard.” He looks down, fingers ghosting over his boxers, and smiles. Dream winces, anticipating the teasing. “Oh my god, you’re so wet, that’s so cute...”

Dream hangs his head as he feels George’s fingers rub over the wet spot on his boxers, over his sensitive head. His thighs quake, trying to clamp shut, but George just brings his other hand down to hold them open.

“Be good, keep your legs open. I can’t touch you properly if you shut them.” The fingers on his thigh dig in slightly in warning, as the hand on his dick grips him firmly over the fabric.

His eyes screw shut, dragging in a deep breath. He feels so sensitive already, so worked up. His body is uncomfortably hot, his undershirt sticking to his skin, and his hands are sweaty where they fiddle with the blue fabric of George’s top.

George’s hand moves slow over him, and it’s not enough and too much at the same time. He pushes his hips up into the touch, pouting when the grip loosens. He opens his eyes, about to complain, but just shivers as George’s fingers move up to graze blunt nails over his lower stomach.

“That tickles,”

“Sorry,” George smiles, not at all sorry, because his pressure lightens up to make it more ticklish. Dream squirms, trying to get away, but there’s nowhere to go.

“Stop *teasing*.” He all but whines, hands tugging at George’s shirt, shaking him a bit.

“Alright, alright,”

He sighs, loud and pleased as George decides to have mercy on him and dip his hand below his waistband to finally touch him directly. He wraps his palm loosely around Dream’s hardness, fingers swiping through the wetness at the tip and making Dream keen. It’s hard to keep still, his breathing coming out gasps.

George gently squeezes his wet tip between his fingers and Dream yelps, body falling forward. He buries his head into George's shoulder. He doesn't know if it's because of the whole dog thing or what, but he feels himself losing control quicker than he usually would. His ears tic, and he feels his fur brush against George's cheek.

The hand on his thigh moves up to his hip, squeezing before going back around to the small of his back. At the same time as George's fist closes around his dick properly, his other hand wraps around his tail, rubbing at the base of it. Dream cries out, muffled by George's t-shirt, and his hips quirk, unsure what direction to move in as he's touched from both sides.

"Does that feel nice?" George asks, turning to place a kiss to the side of Dream's head.

Dream makes some sort of strained noise of agreement, gasping as George strokes over his tail and cock at the same time. It's such a new sensation, something unfamiliar and strange that he half wants to run away from, half wants to melt into. His shoulders shake, and he bites hard at his lip when George's wrist twists and starts jerking him off a little quicker.

His tail is quivering, swishing fervently as George runs his fingers over it. If he wasn't so lost in the overwhelming sensations, Dream would probably be impressed with how George is able to do two things at once without getting confused.

He bites at his lip, trying to hold back the whines and moans threatening to spill from his mouth. George's grip gets firmer, stroking with more purpose as he presses another kiss to Dream's head, just behind his twitching fluffy ear. On every other up stroke, he pauses to rub his palm over Dream's sensitive head, and Dream feels himself getting close already.

Another tug at his tail has his mouth dropping open in a high pitched cry, and he nuzzles his face close into George's neck. It's so good, it's so much, every pass over his cock and press on his tail feels like buzzing electric, startling his nerves.

"*God, oh god,*" Dream sputters out words before his brain can catch up. His fingers are going a little numb from their harsh grip in George's top, and he feels his joints protest when he tries to stretch them out.

"That's it, puppy, that's it," George's voice is soft, soothing, and he twirls Dream's tail around his finger. "You're so good, you sound so pretty,"

“It’s so much, it’s-” he cuts himself off by placing a few wet kisses to George’s neck. He feels his legs shaking, his tail flicking, his ears pinning themselves back against his hair. His whole body is oversensitive, and he doesn’t want it to end.

On the next stroke up, George’s hand stays there, holding just the tip and as much as will fit in his palm. His fingers tease the slit for a moment, before he starts squeezing and releasing the pressure, twisting his grip slightly. Dream thrusts his hips into it, the pleasure building in his stomach as he’s worked over. He mutters curses into George’s skin, and George chuckles.

“Yeah? You like when I do it like this?” George continues playing with the top of his dick, his precum aiding him in slick movements.

Dream nods, hair tickling against George’s jaw. “Yeah, yeah, feels so nice,” He pants out, barely audible. He’s close, he can feel it, and he takes in a shaky breath.

George doesn’t stop his movements, keeping his hand consistently perfect across his cock while his other hand rubs across the base of Dream’s tail. It sends shivers up his spine, and he lets himself fall apart. He lets out soft moans on every little squeeze, the pitch gradually getting higher, and his hips get even more restless.

“You getting close? You’re shaking so much.”

Dream just nods, not trusting his voice.

“Good, that’s it, you’re doing amazing for me.” George’s voice is so sweet, encouraging, and Dream can’t help but flush impossibly hotter under the praise. George’s thumb rubs circles over his tip, and he cries out.

“*Oh- oh, please,*”

He feels his tail get tugged on, George’s fingers firm around the base of it, and it’s bliss. His knees close together involuntarily.

“*Please-* ” he whines into George’s skin, before another sharp tug is given and the hand on his cock strokes him just right. He moves to bite at George’s shoulder, and one more tug on his tail has him falling over the edge.

He whimpers as he cumms hard, whole body tensing as his mind blanks. George works him through it, rubbing Dream's release over him as it drips onto his hand.

"Good boy, good boy. So lovely." Dream barely registers George's voice, his own whimpers and pants loud in his ears. He can feel little beads of sweat running down the back of his neck. His tail curls in on itself, wrapping a little around George's arm where he's still petting at it.

As his climax starts to come down, his muscles relax and he goes limp, grabbing George's shoulders for support. George's hand on his cock slows, loosening as he works him through the aftershocks. It's just this side of overstimulating, and Dream whimpers at the feeling of his orgasm being stretched out.

Dream delivers a soft, apologetic kiss to where he bit down on George's shoulder once he feels the haze start to fade. His body is tired, achy in an oddly satisfying way. The hand on his tail trails up his shirt, delivering comforting light scratches up and down his back. It's grounding, and he sighs.

George's hand slips out of his boxers and rests on his thigh, rubbing circles with his thumb. Dream smiles as he feels George turn his head as best he can, pressing little kisses to what he can reach of Dream's head.

"Doing okay?" George keeps his tone soft, and for that Dream is glad. His head is buzzing, senses overloaded.

"Mhm." He hums. "Thank you."

George laughs at that. "Don't thank me, idiot."

Dream just nuzzles into George's neck in place of a response, kissing lightly over his skin. That was a *lot* more intense feeling than he'd expected. It was good, amazing, but god, is he tired. The hand on his back comes around to his front, pushing lightly at his arm.

"Can you sit up on your own? Sorry, you're kind of heavy."

Dream blinks a few times, before pulling himself back up straight. He sways, a little lightheaded,

but George's hand steadies him. He furrows his brows, looking concerned.

"Sorry, didn't mean to put all my weight on you."

George just shakes his head. He lifts his hand from Dream's thigh, bringing it up presumably to comb through his hair, before noticing the mess still on it. He lets out a little snort of laughter, dropping it onto Dream's shoulder and instead lifting his other arm. He brushes Dream's hair off of his forehead before reaching round to stroke at the back of his head.

"Are you alright?" He asks, earnest. "You seemed pretty... I don't know. That seemed like a lot."

"It was a lot. Good, though. I don't know why it felt like so much."

George nods. "Dog's have higher sensitivities than humans in a lot of things, so I guess that makes sense." He kisses Dream's forehead. "Want to lay down? You look shattered."

Dream doesn't say anything, just shifts out of George's hold to lay on his side the ground. It's uncomfortable; the cushion is only under his hips and legs like this, but the change in position is a welcome adjustment.

"That can't be comfy."

"It's fine. My knees just ache, honestly."

"Hold on a second,"

Dream watches as George stands up, stretching out his muscles. He looks down at his dirty hand, grimacing, and Dream lets out a short laugh when George decides to wipe it off on the side of his jeans.

He walks over to the benches, picking up another cushion, before coming back over. He drops to sit down in front of Dream, cross legged on the ground. He pokes Dream's cheek with his finger.

“Lift your head up.”

He does, and George slides the pillow under it. Dream drops his head back down, a smile drawing itself across his face. “Thanks.”

“You’re welcome.” George returns the smile, tender and sweet, his cheeks lifting high and his eyes narrowing.

George’s hand returns to his hair, and Dream lets his eyes slip shut. The pillow feels a lot better than the ground, and he gives into its softness as well as George’s calming fingers. The comfort just makes him sleepier, and he brings his hand up to cover his mouth as he yawns. George’s hand strokes over one of his sensitive ears.

“Huh.” Dream says, around the end his yawn. He scratches at his cheek. “I kind of thought they’d go away after that.”

“What?” George asks, clearly confused. Dream chuckles quietly.

“You know, like the princess and the frog. The frog has to get kissed to turn human again.”

George’s fingers pinch playfully at his ear. “That’s so stupid. Why would that be how this works?”

“I didn’t *actually* think it was gonna happen. It was just a thought.”

“You’re an idiot.” Dream’s eyes are still shut, but he bets that George is shaking his head at him.
“You’re stuck like this until I fix the code.”

Dream stifles another yawn, snuggling down further into the pillow. “And that’ll be...?”

“When I can be bothered.”

He snorts a laugh. “‘m sleepy.”

George scratches gently at Dream's scalp. "Have a nap, if you want. I'll wake you up in a bit."

Dream hums an acknowledgement, drowsiness washing over him too heavily to properly respond. He feels himself drifting, George's calming hand in his hair, and he lets it overtake his body.

It's been a weird experience, that's for sure, but he'd enjoyed it way more than he would've expected if you'd told him this was going to happen. He falls smoothly into sleep, and if he wakes up and George still hasn't fixed his code, well, he wouldn't mind all that much.

End Notes

dogboy dream has my whole heart bro.....

hoPE U ENJOYED IT LOL PLEEEASE LMK IF U DID!!! comments always make my
daaaay <3 :D

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!